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MIDDLETOWN, JANUARY 14, 1893.

# WHY?

A few years ago Thomas F. Bayard had only to ask and it was given to him. With the change of time has come the change of circumstances.

Representing for years from this State, the minority party in the United States Senate, he made a record in that body as leader, the party being considered the next ablest man to Mr. Cleveland himself in the Democratic party, and when Mr. Cleveland was elected President in 1884, he called Delaware's famous son to the portfolio of State.

In '88, when Mr. Harrison was elected, he retired to private life. The very natural inference would be that after Mr. Cleveland's triumphant re-election last fall, the first man to be offered a seat in the Cabinet would be Mr. Bayard to his former position as Secretary of State. But such does not seem to be the case.

Why? We can only refer the inquirer to Mr. Cleveland himself. If Mr. Bayard had filled the position to the satisfaction of the President no reasonable man would doubt that he would be recalled to his old position, but he has not been.

Why? It may be as the *New York Herald* declared upon his retirement, that he was a failure, and did not measure up to the position.

Why is Mr. Gray considered the only Delaware possibility in the new Cabinet?

Why does not Mr. Gray go in the Cabinet?

It may be that this can be explained. Not many weeks ago Mr. Cleveland expressed a desire to give Mr. Gray a position in the Cabinet as Attorney General, provided Mr. Bayard could be elected Senator, and thereby be the champion of the administration in the Senate, for no one will accuse Senator Hill or to-be-Senator Murphy, as in any way representing Mr. Cleveland. This was very nice—Mr. Gray in the Cabinet and Mr. Bayard in his old position as Senator. Could it be brought about? If not, why not?

A consultation was held by Mr. Bayard and his friends, and it was agreed that this plan could be worked out. But there was one very necessary thing to be done, and that was to get the votes in the Legislature. Could the Bayard-Gray forces secure the necessary number of Legislators to vote for Mr. Bayard? That was the important matter and could it be brought about? It seems not. For word was soon sent to headquarters that while Mr. Gray could be elected unanimously, Mr. Bayard could not be elected. What has been the result? It is this. The Democratic papers throughout the State with few exceptions have been making all manner of excuses for Mr. Bayard, stating that he prefers private life to entering the arena of public life again.

Well, this does seem strange when we remember the very lively interest he manifested last fall in presenting to the country as far as he could the policy of the Democratic party—what its issues were and what it proposed to do in case it was returned to power. Now doesn't it seem a little remarkable that in the face of all this he should so soon after the election manifest so great a desire to retire to private life. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that he would be anxious to return to his former position as Secretary of State in order to carry out plans which he was compelled to abandon when Mr. Harrison was elected. The question naturally then arises why has he not been invited by Mr. Cleveland to accept his former position?

Why could he not be elected to the Senate? The reason is obvious. Well do his fellow Democrats remember that as Secretary of State, the next position to the Presidency itself, he never bothered himself about his followers. When they wanted some snug berth at Washington Mr. Bayard never put himself to any trouble to secure it for his devoted follower. Of course his duties as Secretary had to be attended to; he could not waste his time in looking up offices for his friends. What was the consequence? Outside of a chosen few there were scarcely any appointments made from Delaware. Those who were left out in the cold are the people who remember to-day his actions then; and when Mr. Bayard sees that his last chance to return to public life in the capacity of a Cabinet Minister or as a Senator is gone, he (necessarily) prefers to return to private life.

Another very conclusive evidence of the waning of the Bayard star is in the organization of the Legislature—a thoroughly Salisbury outfit. For while Mr. Bayard and Mr. Gray were in New York looking after Cabinet positions, etc., their friends, the Salisbury, slipped in and organized the Legislature.

Mr. Bayard has risen to an enviable position in his party and in the councils of the Nation, and we would not pluck one laurel from his wreath of glory, but we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers the facts in the case.

Have we not answered why the once idol of the Delaware Democracy no longer can command and be absolutely

obeyed; and why Mr. Bayard's chances for the Cabinet or Senate are exceedingly slim?

## THE CITY VS. THE COUNTRY.

The relative advantage of country and city life in the development of moral character, is a subject of general interest, especially when discussed by those who have comprehensive views of life. At a meeting of a very noted literary in New York City recently, a number of the eminent "women of the day" engaged in a warm discussion of modern city life, affirming that it is not favorable to the formation of true homes, and does not elevate men and women. This is doubtless true of fashionable city life, but it is not true in general, and it is unjust to dub the whole with the foibles of the few, for all city people are not fashionable, nor are all of the fashionable people found in the city. The extremes are certainly most common there, but the country boasts of its *élite* too, and the well-to-do, fancy balls and formal receptions of the city fashionables, are very successfully copied by their country cousins. But the fashionable people compose a very small proportion of the great mass of humanity, and in a discussion of the merits of city and country life, the fashionable element would hardly seem to have a place. The business of the world is carried on in the cities. They are the great centers of commerce; there the fortunes of the world are made and spent, and the industries and enterprises of the nations are carried on. The great works of art, the discoveries and inventions and every work of man are found there. The cities are indeed monuments which man has erected to his own ambition, skill and industry. But it is a matter worthy of note that few of the world's great writers have lived in cities. They may find their impulse there, but it is in country solitudes, by mountain, stream or glen, that the great minds have received their greatest inspiration. Another notable fact is that many business men of the cities, do not hesitate to say that they prefer to employ boys and young men from the country, because of their moral advantage over city boys and youths, which alone is a strong argument for the moral tone of the country. But inherent principles are stronger than surroundings and the same type of manhood and womanhood are found both in city and country, but the latter is doubtless most conducive to the well rounded moral character.

The question of American tin plate was very much discussed during the last campaign and our Democratic friends would have us believe that it was impossible for us to make tin plate. In looking over the files of the TRANSCRIPT, we find in its first issue, January, 1883, that T. R. Goulding of St. Louis, had been conducting experiments, even at that early date, to decide upon the proper flux for and the best manner of roasting and smelting tin ore from the Missouri mines, and as a final result, the first pig of pure tin ever made in this country was produced on December of the previous year. The yield of pure metal was 8 per cent. of the quantity of ore.

It has been such a long time since we have had so much snow that many people have forgotten the laws which require property owners and tenants to clean the snow from their front pavements, under penalty of a fine. But forgetfulness of the law does not excuse the recalcitrant, as is shown in Philadelphia this week, when over one thousand places were reported as subject to the fine, which is usually five dollars and costs. When trudging through snow drifts knee-deep, doubtless there are some Middletown pedestrians who would be glad if such a law was in force here.

"The cold and cruel winter" has its match in the cold and cruel landlord of Camden, N. J., who at this trying season would turn into the streets a poor family, the father without work, the children sick, one night out of doors, and for three days being without food or fuel. But the judge of the district court being a just man and kind, refused to grant a landlord's warrant, declaring that the court would not turn the destitute into the streets homeless, and requested all such cases to be reported to him.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE met on Monday at the Capitals of each of the forty-four States, and cast their ballots for President and Vice-President. Neither Cleveland nor Harrison received any votes from Kansas which gave her 10 votes for the Populist candidate, Weaver. The voting throughout the Union was in accord with the November polls.

UTAH will have everything in her favor now to be elevated to Statehood, and it will undoubtedly be among the first acts of the new Congress. President Harrison having granted amnesty to the Mormons, and they having given up their polygamous habits, there is no reason why Utah should not be a State.

PRESIDENT DIAZ, of the Mexican Republic, in arranging for Mexico's exhibit at the World's Fair at Chicago, has ordered his people not to exhibit antiquities, relics and coins, but rather such a display as will best show the progress and national growth of the nation.

THE READING COAL COMBINE has now been broken by the withdrawal of the Jersey Central Railroad. There is a possibility that the Lehigh may also bolt, and President McLeod's plans for controlling the coal trade will be knocked into a cocked hat.

SOCKLESS JERRY SIMPSON has joined forces with Senator Hill against the Cleveland administration.

Has anyone heard any talk of a Janu-

ary thaw?

## MUGWUMPS IN THE CABINET.

SENATOR HILL SERVES NOTICE ON CLEVELAND.

He Will Fight All Mugwump Appointments—The Republicans to Make a Fight in the Senate—Cleveland will be Compelled to Confront Both the New York Senators.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 12, 1893.

Senator Hill has been a power on the Democratic side of the Senate ever since he became a member of that body, and the ease with which he "downed" Mr. Cleveland in the New York Senatorial fight, now regarded as settled in Murphy's favor, has added much to his prestige, and the prediction is made by more than one shrewd observer of things political, who is without personal interest in the matter, that Mr. Cleveland will find himself compelled to conciliate Senator Hill. Circumstances have undoubtedly played right into Hill's hand of late. Mr. Cleveland's recent declaration that the original Cleveland men would be the first men provided for under his administration was a trump card for Hill; it may enable him to humble Mr. Cleveland very early in his administration.

Senator Hill will control the votes of four Democratic Senators—Morgan and Pugh, of Alabama, Murphy and his own, from the start—in any fight that he may desire to make on Mr. Cleveland's nominations, and there are seven or eight other Democrats, among them Daniels of Virginia, Vest, of Missouri, and Voorhes, of Indiana, who will join him unless they are allowed to control the federal patronage of their respective States. So strong does Hill feel himself to be that he has, through ex-Secretary Whitney, conveyed the intimation to Mr. Cleveland that he does not propose to allow the confirmation of any mugwump as a member of his Cabinet. Mr. Cleveland's friends regard this as great imprudence on the part of Hill, but they have to acknowledge that the probabilities favor his being able to carry out his threat, unless the Republicans help Mr. Cleveland out, and nobody can give any good reason for their doing that.

There is a probability that there may be some Populist members of the next Senate who will refuse to sell themselves to the Democrats on the plan proposed by Senator Gorman and greedily snapped up by such Populists as Jerry Simpson. In that event, even if the Republicans fall short of a clear majority of the Senate, they may, by reason of a dead-lock, retain control of its organization. At any rate, a caucus of Republican Senators has decided to fight the Democrats on that line. If there were only the tariff and financial matters to be acted on, the average Republican Senator would be of the opinion that the quickest way to disgust the country with the Democratic party would be to let them have the Senate along with the rest; but the exposure of that scheme to perpetuate the power of the Democratic party by repealing the laws providing for Federal supervision of National elections, now the only obstacle to unlimited Democratic frauds on the ballot box, has aroused the Republicans to the impending danger.

The President in extending the Civil Service law to embrace the letter carriers at all free delivery offices, made the last extension he intends to make. No one will deny that it was a just and proper thing to do, for the letter carriers are among the hardest worked employees of the Government, and certainly ought to be able to feel secure in their position. Some apprehension is felt, however, that the Civil Service Commission will not be able to hold examinations and make up eligible lists in half of the free delivery offices before the administration changes, and until these lists are prepared the appointments will be made at the pleasure of the postmasters.

Secretary Foster says the statement of the Treasury at the close of business on the 31st of December, which was called for by the House Ways and Means Committee, by the authority of a resolution adopted by the House before the recess, will be ready this week, and that it will contain every item of information in possession of the Treasury Department that can possibly be of any service to the Committee.

Whenever a number of Congress wishes to secure a little cheap notoriety, he makes an attack upon that poor, defenseless thing known as the District of Columbia, the residents of which have neither vote nor representation in or out of Congress. One of the notable hunters was Representative Otis, of Kansas, who while the District Appropriation was under discussion in the House moved an amendment providing that instead of the general government paying one-half of the total amount appropriated, it pay only one-fourth and the District of Columbia three-fourths, and strange as it may appear to those who understand the rank injustice of the proposition, which was characterized by Representative Henderson of Iowa as one of the most unjust he ever knew to be made in Congress, thirty members of the House voted with him for the amendment. Representative DeArmond, of Missouri, was worse yet; he wanted the District to pay it all. The bill was finally passed by the House without any such tom-fool amendments.

Sidney Smith's wife was such a good cook that he calculated that during the course of his life he had eaten forty-eight four-horse wagon loads more than was good for him.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Betterton, the first great Lady Macbeth, was so devoted to her husband that she became insane at his death, never recovered and died in less than eighteen months.

## WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

The Consorts of Famous Characters in the World's History.

Shakespeare's wife was eight years older than himself, a fact that perhaps explains his willingness to spend so much time in London.

Landor married a young girl for her beauty, and when the charm wore off they quarreled, separated, and he would never see her again.

Boswell, Johnson's biographer, married a scold, and in his *Uxoriana* recorded faithfully all her snappish sayings and his own answers.

The late Emperor Alexander of Russia, was Morgagnically married to the princess Dolgorouki, and the union was exceedingly happy.

Luther first opposed the marriage of the clergy, but changed his mind and married Catharine Von Bora, an ex-nun, and lived happily.

The wife of Samuel Clark, the book-comiler, had so high an opinion of his abilities that she never rose in his presence without making a courtesy.

Sontag, the "best-tempered woman who ever trod the boards," contracted a secret marriage with Count Hosi and lived happily with him 'ill her death.

Shelley's first wife was the daughter of an inn-keeper. She was unattractive and she deserted her for Mary Godwin. The forsaken wife committed suicide.

Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus, King of Caria, was so devotedly attached to him that after his death she erected the mausoleum which was one of the ancient wonders.

The rebellion of Cyrus, made famous by the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," was inspired by his wife, the famous Milto, who, after his death, married his brother, Artaxerxes.

Count Rumford married a widow who gratified her vexation by throwing his books and manuscripts out of the window and pouring boiling water on his flowers.

Robault, the philosopher, had a wife whose opinion of him was so high that she sat at the door of his lecture room and refused to admit any but well-dressed persons.

Cornelle was happy in the domestic relation, though, as his biographer quaintly expresses it, "he could get along with anybody, and so had no trouble with his wife."

## Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, January 9.

Eighteen Cents, 60,000 yards. 176 styles. Scotch Ginghams. Scotch as the thistle and heather bell, and as beautiful. Such a bargain is our pride. They are nameless but noble. You'll buy them for their worth and not for a name. Call them what you please, but it will take the highest name in the peerage of Ginghams to fit them.

And do not forget the Anderson's Ginghams for 1893. 35c, not 40c, as before. The show of them is open and ready.

Brandenburgs make the first bow of the season to-day. Prudent women wanting new dresses now or forecasting next Autumn will find at all the Dress Goods counters Robes and Novelties, yard goods of confusing varieties, that have prices so adjusted as to make each pattern dear to the economic heart.

It's a carnival of Dress Goods bargains.

Wonderfully attractive prices too, in that great gathering of Black Dress Goods.

48-in. Black Henriettes—were 60c, 90c, \$1.125, now 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.14  
45-in. Black Henriettes—were 85c, \$1.125, 1.35, 1.50, now 75c, 85c, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.25.  
22-in. Silk-and-wool Bengaline, \$1. made to sell at \$2. These are exceptionally fine quality and will not slip.  
28-in. Black Bedford Cords, 50c, were \$1.  
45-in. Black Bedford Cords \$1, were \$1.50, 1.25, were 1.75.  
38-in. Black Chevrons 50c, were 65c.  
50-in. Black Chevrons \$1, were \$1.50.  
38-in. Black Sebastians—were 65c, 75c, \$1.10, now 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c.  
38-in. Black Figured Jacquards 65c, were \$1.  
42-in. Plaid Figured Armures 75c, were \$1.  
48-in. neat Figured Armures \$1, were 1.25.  
42-in. Camel's-Hair Chevrons 75c, were \$1.  
48-in. Chevron Cords \$1, were 1.25.  
45-in. Corded Diagonals \$1, were 1.25.  
48-in. Plaid Diagonals \$1, were 1.50.

Men's 50c. Shirts. Better than any half dollar shirt we ever had before. Full size, perfect shape and equal in wear to any \$1 shirt. Chestnut and Market streets.

Men's Clothing. Find a fit among the \$12 Suits and you save \$3 or 4.50. Broken lots of 5 or 6 of a kind from the \$15 and 16.50 lines are there.

Swellest of them all—Cape Overcoat, double breasted, extra long full military Cape. Fancy Honespun, \$25 and 30; black Honespun, \$30; blue Honespun, \$35. Excellent all-wool black

## Wanamaker's.

Cheviot Overcoats, with deep capes, \$15; Thibet, 20; rough Cheviot, 22.50.

Juniper and Market streets.

## Table Linens.

All the odd, mused or smirched Table Cloths have been called from the regular stock and marked for quick going. Perfect in every other way, and one washing will make them as good as ever.

\$11 and 12 Table Cloths at 8. \$16.50 Table Cloths at 10. 10.50 Table Cloths at 12. \$6 Table Cloths at 4. \$7.50 Table Cloths at 4.50. \$10 Table Cloths at 8. Sizes run from 22 1/2 yds. to 24 1/2 yds. Fine French Napkins, a little soiled, go from \$3 to 5.

German Damask Hemstitched Table cloths, with dozen Napkins to match, 22 1/2 yds. \$5.50 from 7, 22 1/2 yds. \$5.35 from 8. 1200 dozen 18-in German Damask Napkins, good value at \$1.50, go to 1.10 a dozen. 63-in. Irish Table Damask, 50c.

That 68-inch Irish Table Damask at 50c, is a good 75c, with as values stand in other stores.

Southwest of centre.

## Blankets.

Six hundred pairs fine quality white wool Blankets at \$4.75 the pair instead of 6. They have heavy pure wool filling on light cotton warp, and pretty new borders. One of the best of the so-called "California Blankets"—size 72x84 in.

Extra heavy pure wool White Blankets, 64 lbs, 76x88 in. \$4.75 a pair; worth 1.25 more.

Large heavy silver gray Blankets, 72x84, \$2.50 a pair; worth \$3.25. Sized in actual inches, and not in deceptive quarter yards.

Near Women's Waiting Room.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Did you know we were going to move our Men's Furnishings to the rear of the Dry Goods Department? Why? It will be more convenient for you and for us, Mr. W. R. Reynolds will occupy our Room No. 4 as a Harness Manufactory.

All our fancy goods. Ribbons, Notions, &c., will be sold at one-half their value.

Assorted 50 yards spool silk at 40c, per doz. Embroidery silk, 35 per doz., worth 1.25. Twist at \$1.90 per hundred.

## Shoes.

Children's Fine Shoes 35c, worth 50c. Children's Fine Shoes, 65c, worth 85c. Children's Fine Shoes, 75c, worth \$1.00. Misses Fine Shoes, \$1.25, worth \$2.00. Misses Fine Shoes, \$1.75, worth \$2.50. Ladies' Fine Shoes, \$1.75, worth \$2.25. Ladies' Fine Shoes, \$2.00, worth \$2.75. Ladies' Fine Shoes, \$2.75, worth \$3.75. Men's Fine Shoes, \$2.00, worth \$2.50. Men's Fine Shoes, \$2.50, worth \$3.25. Men's Heavy Shoes, \$1.00, worth \$1.25. Boy's Grain Boots, \$1.55, worth \$2.25.

## Clothing.

Children's Clothing for 4 to 13 years. Suits at \$1.50, worth \$2.00. Suits at \$3.00, worth \$4.50. Suits at \$5.50, worth \$8.00. Suits at \$4.00, worth \$6.50. Boy's Suits, \$5.00, worth \$7.00. Boy's Suits, \$5.50, worth \$7.50. Boy's Suits, \$6.50, worth \$8.50. Men's Suits \$7.00, worth \$10.00. Men's Suits, \$10.00 worth \$13.00. Men's Suits \$12.50, worth \$16.50. Men's Pants, \$1.00, worth \$1.25. Men's Pants, \$1.50, worth \$2.50. Men's Pants, \$2.50, worth \$5.00.

## Ladies' Coats.

Ladies' Coats at \$3.00, worth \$5.00. Ladies' Coats at \$5.00, worth \$10.00.

## Carpets.

Tapestry Hall Stair Carpet, 65c, worth \$1.00. Tapestry Hall Stair Carpet, 75c, worth \$1.00. Brussels Hall Carpet, \$1.00 worth \$1.50.

Any one can sell cheap goods at a very low figure, but there is no economy in buying them. We are offering you good goods at extraordinary low prices; far below their value.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity.

## W. H. Moore & Co.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

## Professional Cards.

DR. W. E. BARNARD,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Main St., Opposite Post-Office.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

All operations pertaining to Dentistry neatly performed with as little pain as possible to my patients. Having added the most modern appliances to my fixtures, I am prepared to insert fillings of gold, silver and all other materials. Also, Artificial Teeth for moderate fees, and with a guarantee of entire satisfaction.

Special attention given to the treatment of Nervous, Fluid Patients and Children. Hypo-Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered and Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

IN ALL HOURS.

## DR. H. GILPIN.

DENTIST.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Office—CORNER OF MAIN AND

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN. NITROUS OXIDE GAS ADMINISTERED.

OFFICE HOURS:

Eight-thirty to twelve A. M., and one to four P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort and better treatment than in the past.

## S. M. Reynolds & Co.

Wanamaker's.

Table Linens.

Blankets.

Shoes.

Clothing.

Ladies' Coats.

Carpets.

Choice Pumpkins, were 10c, now 8c.

Bartlett Pears, were 40c, now 25c.

Table Plums, were 40c, now 25c.

Green Gage Plums, were 40c, now 25c.

Boston Baked Beans, were 20c, now 16c.

All of these goods are in large cans in perfect condition.

## Canned Goods.

Choice Pumpkins, were 10c, now 8c.

Bartlett Pears, were 40c, now 25c.

Table Plums, were 40c, now 25c.

Green Gage Plums, were 40c, now 25c.

Boston Baked Beans, were 20c, now 16c.

All of these goods are in large cans in perfect condition.

## Choice Goods.

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Bartlett Pears, were 40c, now 25c.

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# IN HIDDEN WAYS.

By C. H. CRANDALL.

Strange it is that the sweetest thing  
Forever is the sweetest thing.  
The sweetest song, the sweetest wing,  
Ere then the singer sang.  
The more the fragrance in the rose,  
The more it hides a blushing;  
And when with love a maiden glows,  
The more her face is flushing.  
In depths of night, in gloomy mine,  
In winnowing stream—in stories;  
Of lowly lives, unsung—there shine  
The world's divinest glories.  
As lowly blossoms rest  
In modest unhidden;  
So man and nature hide their best  
And God himself is hidden.

## "HOPE."

A STORY BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

HOPE was not the name at all; it was really Huldah Elizabeth Ann; but the child was from her birth such a spark of gaiety and brightness, such an indomitable bit of fun and cheer that she earned her nickname. Her father died before she could remember; her mother lay dying for years; poverty beset the house; charity, with cold half-filled hands, kept Clarinda Ames and her baby alive; but nothing daunted the laughing child, she grew up in an atmosphere of cloud and storm, but she drank in every source of sustenance.

"I haven't a hope in this world but my baby!" said the emaciated woman to Parson Pitcher, on one of his professional visits of consolation.

"It wasn't for her I'd had died long ago; she's turned of six now, and it in nature I should live much longer, and I've got to leave her to Aunt Melinda; there isn't another living soul that's kin to her and me."

"Well, well, my friend, try and be thankful for that resource. The Lord is good to the fatherless; little Hope will be prospered no doubt. You must have faith. Yes, yes; according to your faith it shall be."

All this fell as hollow sounds on the sick woman's ear; she was worn and anxious to the last degree her faith had failed her, for the flesh was exceeding weak; she made no assent to the Parson's official remarks; a few slow tears trickled out of her eyes, and a sorrowful despair invaded her tired face, but just then Hope's clear laugh came in through the window, and she smiled.

Parson Pitcher was at a loss what to do, so he took up his hat and came and said good-bye.

"Be'n to see Miss Ames, heve ye?" asked Deacon Tucker, whom he met as he turned from the green yard where Hope was building an oven of stones and mud, with shouts of laughter every time the edifice fell to the ground.

"Hope ye found spiritual state satisfaction?"

"Well, Deacon, she is in straits no doubt; yes, in straits; she is in the depths, the spirit may be willing. I can't say, but the flesh is weak, exceeding weak. I do not think she is struck with death however, and she will be more reconciled in time; the Lord doth not give us dying grace to live by. I trust she will be led through the valley in peace."

Parson Pitcher was right. Almost four years went by before Mrs. Ames did die; years when she seemed to live by pure force of will and her chief help was Hope's unfailing gaiety and sweetness.

"Her pa hadn't any wuldy goods to leave her," said the anxious mother to Mrs. Tucker, who had called to bring her "some blue mangle and lemon jelly."

"No, Charley hadn't a cent, and this house isn't much; it's mine, but I've had to raise money on 't; but he left Hope's own sunny nature, and that's with everything to her; she'll always see the bright side of a thing; how he was whiter 'n writin' paper, but he looked right up in my face and smiled as pleasant; he died a smile, and Hope is 'xactly like him."

"Well, Mrs. Ames, it's a proper good thing that kind of a disposition; ye know what Scriptures say—'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine'; and 'tis so. Ef she'd been a peaked pinin' whinin' child like Miss Larnabee's Juliet, I don't know what you would have done."

"Yes, I've got a deal to be thankful for; she'll get along a sight better without me when she has that sort o' spirit. I'm afraid she'll need it all to Melinda's."

But tears and grief over took Hope one day, as those hunters of men overtake us all sooner or later; she cried herself ill when her mother left her forever, and she knew that the dear tender face would never greet her again.

Still her indomitable courage and sweetness helped her, and when her clothes were packed in the old hair trunk, and all the furniture that would sell sent to its various purchasers, when the house was desolate to her eyes, and she was just about to pull herself up into Deacon Tucker's old wagon, she turned to say one more good-bye to Mrs. Tucker, with as bright a smile on her rosy, dimpling face as had ever shown on her dear, lost mother.

"Keep up your heart, dear!" cackled the kindly old woman. "Remember me to Melinda; I dussay you'll be a comfort to her."

"I'll try," said Hope, with a gay little laugh.

It was a long journey that brought this small maiden at last to Aunt Melinda; she had not been expected till next day, and she opened the kitchen door on a most lugubrious twain. A melancholy woman sat at the north window leaning her head on her rough, bony hand with an expression of distress and disgust all over her wrinkled face; beside her, on an up-turned butter tub, sat an equally forlorn child leaning against her mother, who took no notice of her, though the poor little had feebly grasped her dress as if to call her attention, and the great sorrowful light eyes, under a fringe of tan-

colored hair, seemed to implore one look or word of kindness.

Hope stopped on the door-sill. Could this be Aunt Melinda? She had always been spoken of as an old maid living by herself. Who then was this child? Suddenly a door opened and out stepped a thin, wiry, sallo female, who did not see Hope, but proceeded at once to exhort the melancholy woman in the window.

"I wish you'd kind of spunk up, Mrs. Nichols. This wuld's a wuld of 'fiction, and you've always said 'twas, and sort of lotted on it, so to speak, and now you don't bear up a mite. Why! Who's this? Who be you, child?" suddenly catching sight of Hope.

The rosy face laughed all over.

"Well, I'm Hope Ames. I Guess you're Aunt Melinda, ain't you?"

"I expect I be. I never did I didn't think you'd come today. Come by the Meddytump's stage, didn't ye? Look a-here Lorin' Nichols, here's a mate for ye! Stop a clavin' of your mate's gown an' look at my galls!"

Hope, with her happy instinct, held out her hand to the forlorn child; Lorena let go of her mother, looked up at the newcomer's sweet, sunny face and faintly smiled. Hope's unconscious mission in Slabtown had begun.

It was a queer place; just on the edge of the great Maine forests; a place almost snowed under in winter, and all barren fields in Summer, for the men were lumberers and formed their cold clay land only enough to raise hay and corn to feed their cattle through the short summer.

They had hard lives, these men; but the women's lives were harder; left all the long winters to care for themselves and the two or three old and infirm men who were useless for lumbering; forced by poverty and climate to labor for daily bread, and do the work of men in and about their houses; always lonely and anxious through those long winters about the husbands and brothers who were far away engaged in the dangerous and severe lot of chopping and logging; it was small wonder that the women were sad and severe in manner and aspect.

"Lay off your things, child," said Aunt Melinda, without a word of welcome or attempt to embrace the newcomer. But Hope nothing daunted, rushed at Melinda, threw her arms about the spinster's neck, and gave her a hearty kiss that brought a strange new light into those faded eyes, and a tinge of color to the deep-lined cheek.

"Mercy me!" cried Aunt Melinda, "if you ain't—I well; take off your bonnet and I'll help you lug that trunk up to the chamber. You set still Mrs. Nichols, till I come down."

Nichols was looking hard at Hope, instead of staring silently into space. That "wasn't Slabtown manners," as she afterward said; a spark kindled in her hopeless eyes, she had a vague feeling that it must be pleasant to be hugged and kissed like that, but Lorena wouldn't do it! Miss Melinda stepped as she set down Hope's trunk in the bare clean loft, beside a cot spread with home-spun blankets and a patchwork quilt, to say, in a lowered voice: "You no need to mind Miss Nichols; she's heered from the woods that her Jim has be'n on a dretful sprue and come high to break his neck. He'd just as good have died it, for he ain't no use to her, but she seems to set by him quite a little. Thank the Lord, I hain't never been no man's fool!"

With what pious aspiration Melinda turned back and went down the stairs, leaving Hope to arrange her possessions as best she could. A call to supper put an end to her work and she went down smiling and hungry, finding Lorena and her mother had stayed to tea. Hope was so merry and the food was so savory that Mrs. Nichols really smiled once, and when Hope insisted on clearing the table and washing the dishes, Lorena volunteered her help, and her little laugh came back from the sink-room now and then to her mother's great surprise.

"Will!" exclaimed Mrs. Nichols, "if Lorena ain't a laughin'! That girl o' yours is as chipper as a robin, now ain't she? I wish't mine was that make up; but she ain't, not a mite."

"Maybe she would be if you was more cheery," answered Melinda, dryly.

So Hope began her new life, she soon made acquaintance with the village people, and was like a ray of sunshine among them. To be happy had not entered into her scheme of life; to work, and wait and endure was all they tried to do; that life could be easier and better for merriment and kindness had not occurred to them, but this happy, unselfish little creature was a real social gospel to the dreary folks of Slabtown. She taught the children games, she sang the cheerful hymns her mother had loved, to the old and sick people; she gathered the gay blossoms of the woods and hills, and showed her playmates how to brighten up their dull houses with the vivid or delicate colors of the flowers they had always disregarded; and in the school, that even Slabtown children were blessed with in summer, Hope was like a perpetual June day. There was among the scholars a great stupid boy of eighteen, a cousin of Lorena Nichols—Jesse Brown; one of those boys whom other children cannot assimilate with; a grown-up boy with a child's slow comprehension. All the girl's shrank from Jesse, and considered him a fool; while all the boys derided him, sure that his strength would never be used in revenge. Hope pitied the great dull fellow with all her heart; he, too, was an orphan, without a home; in winter the dreary of the lumber camps, in summer the unwelcome guest of drunken Jim Nichols, his uncle, who was not quite unwilling, however to give him his board for the chores he did about the house. Kindness had never come near Jesse till Hope showed it to him in a hundred little ways. She helped him with his less'n's, she coaxed him to join in the games at "noon-spell," she asked him to go after wild flowers, with the rest, and to join their berryling parties. Jesse knew where all these

wild things grew, and the children, following Hope's lead, soon began to respect him for such serviceable knowledge. His pale eyes grew bright; his heavy face began to light up. Three years went by, and Hope grew tall and pretty in their flight. Jesse was no longer called the Slabtown fool. He worked winters with a better will, for he wanted to earn more money having a purpose in his mind that he told no one.

Slabtown too was changed; this "little candle" of Hope had indeed thrown its beams far and wide. Kindness, cheerfulness, friendly words and deeds made life brighter to the women of the village.

The fourth winter of Hope's life with Aunt Melinda set in, but Jesse did not go to the woods with the loggers. He appeared at Miss Melinda's door one morning in a new suit of rough clothes, having the rest of his goods tied up in a silk handkerchief swinging at the end of a stick over his shoulder.

"I come to say fare-you-well Melinda," he explained, staring past her at Hope's dimpling face. "I'm goin' for to seek my fortun' down the country. I feel in my mind that I'm wuth more for somethin' else than lumberin'."

"Ain't you ruther ventersome?" asked Melinda, sharply.

"Nothin' venter nothin' hev," he answered. Hope smiled from behind her aunt.

"Good bye, Jesse!" she said, slipping out to the step. "I know you'll do well. You're goin' to be a credit to Slabtown yet."

This was Jesse's accolade; now he could do or die since Hope believed in him. He wrung her hand and turned on his heel without one word to Aunt Melinda.

"Well! I hope that's manners!" was her only comment. Hope wore a grave face all day, but no one asked why.

Jesse had that indomitable will that makes its way; he found work at first in a saw mill, then learned his trade in a carpenter's shop, and in five years had a good place in a builder's great workshop, and was earning steady wages. Now and then he was heard of in Slabtown; he sent a Christmas card every year to Hope, and once in a great while wrote to his cousin Lorena, who had grown into a stout, lively girl.

Hope was well past eighteen when Jesse came back to Slabtown; she had found lovers already, for the sweet wild flowers in the forest draw their bees even in its sunny solitude; but Hope did not care for lovers.

But Jesse appeared once more; a well-looking, brisk fellow, but in Hope's presence as shy as a trapped partridge. Yet he hung round her as one of the aforesaid bees would hang about a comb of honey; gasping now and then as if about to say something, but never saying it. At last he fairly layd and caught her one soft August evening when she had stolen out of the shed door to get a pail of water from the spring; he stood in her path as she turned to go back with the dripping pail.

"Hope," he said, "I have thought about old times every day since I see you. I dono' where I should hev landed if I want for you. I kep' a thinkin' papetooral of the old sayin', 'If I wasn't for Hope the heart would break.'"

He looked at her with his heart blazing in his eyes. Hope colored, choked, but rallied with a toss of her head and forced herself to speak, saying, of course, the wrong thing.

"I spose you don't call back the rest on't;—'Ef twasn't for fear, the fool would speak.'"

So now they live in a little white house in Portland, and Slabtown is left without its moral sunshine; but Mrs. Nichols has forgotten how to whine; Lorena laughs, and Miss Melinda is as "hulls-me as a Bald'n apple." Jim Nichols says, when he is sober; while Jesse still clings to his old sayin', and has written on his carpenter bench—"If twasn't for Hope the heart would break."

So much for the child who came to Slabtown, filled with the gospel of love and cheer.

## SCISSORINGS.

Right Writing.  
This year,  
You see,  
Is '93,  
It will  
Not do  
For '92;  
So when  
You write  
It, write  
It right.

—Lowell Courrier.

They polished her feet and polished her head.  
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red.  
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,  
(Though gramma declared it was nothing but "nerves.")  
The poor woman thought she must certainly die,  
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.

No wonder its praises so loudly they speak;  
She grew better at once, and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Higgs—Are you following the horses now?  
Briggs—Oh, yes.  
Higgs—Find it pays you any better than it did before?  
Briggs—Much. I'm driving a street car.

The causes which produce cold are coeternous with the confines of the

world. They abound everywhere. No land is so favored as to be exempt from the conditions produce by them. The above, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the infallible remedy for all such ailments, should be kept all over the world in every human dwelling. It is so comforting to know that you will have it handy when the emergency shall arise.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert, who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung in a very painful way.

"Not particularly," replied the young man, frankly, but I am exceedingly fond of the musician."

The revolution in Brazil was no greater surprise to Dom Pedro II than is an application of one of Old Sall's Catarrh Cure to a severe case of nasal catarrh. It leaves quickly, that's all.

A word to young mothers.—Do not miss your darlings with every old grandmother's receipt (no disrespect), but use that invaluable preventive of children's diseases—Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

Caller. "Is your wife in Mr. Nabob?" Nabob. "No, she has just run over to Mrs. Call's for five minutes. Can you spare the time to wait a couple of hours till she gets back?"

The "national game" has not been adopted by the sporting fraternity of other nations. Can it be only a coincidence that it sticks to the land of Salvation Oil, where the effects of a hard fall or a "hot ball" is readily healed by this great American liniment. As a cure for cuts, bruises and sprains, it has no equal. Price 25 cents.

Queen Victoria's luncheon on Christmas day consisted of cold roast baron of beef, a woodcock pie and a wild boar's head.

It is said that a great many Englishmen are visiting this country this season. I asked Jinks what they came for. He said he supposed "to marry soft-pated, millionaire women, to talk the fellows out of their money, who want to be fooled, and to lay in a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

"The greatest cure for ear pain, Salvation Oil; take up the strain."

A girl who knows makes this revision of an old adage: "A ride in a sleigh without a squeeze is like apple pie without a bit of cheese."

Catarrh in the Head  
Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

"What a frightfully hot fire you've got here." said Nell, who had just dropped in for a call. "Yes," said Bobby; "Belle has just been burning Mr. Gushley's love letters."

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

Guest—Why do you print your bill of fare in French?  
Fashionable Restaurateur—Because I want my patrons to think that I think they can read it.

Real Merit  
Is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more, proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use.

This positive merit Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all remedial value of the ingredients is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is thus peculiar to itself and absolutely unequalled as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and weary, and giving nerve strength.

"Halla, Vanderloin, some of your people coming on this train?"  
"Yes; I'm expecting a sister of mine."  
"Sister, eh! By birth, or refusal?"

Charley Peneceless (fondly)—You are my treasure.  
Maud Nunny—Yes; and the only one you're ever likely to have, so papa says.

Rev. Pink Punk on Hope.  
Hope is a great consolation w'en a pussion am in trouble, deat bredder, but ef ya ine ef fellow crencher in distress down preach hope to him unless ya put yer hand in yer pocket an' gib him somethin' to build on; hope seems to be spelled wid a mighty smile w'en it's looked at fru an empty stomach.

Patents  
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if practicable and not free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with list of names in the U. S. and foreign countries, sent free. Address,  
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Absolutely Pure.  
A cream of tartar baking powder. High est of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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**FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.**  
EMBALMING, OR IF DESIRED, PUT IN ICE.

Having had an experience of ten years in the business with my father, I feel fully competent to continue the business in all its branches at the old stand and solicit the patronage which was so generously bestowed upon the late George W. Wilson.  
Telegraph Messages promptly attended to.  
WM. J. WILSON,  
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The Finest Range Only \$12.00.  
The Cheapest Range Sold.

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